













# REMY FUGAS.

BY A. P. FITCH.

At Tom's you wonder why I came,  
Who quite forgot the reason,  
At your girl across the Place,  
In such a sentimental fashion;  
And she the very next day,  
Clasped in my arms,  
At her feet, she lay,  
And she like any silly dove,  
I'm as surprised, old boy, as you!  
Love's rapture long since fled this home,  
And yet though it is, 'tis true,  
That I was deceived long to love you,  
But something in your mother's face,  
Or, may be, something on her breast  
Brought back to me the long-gone days,  
When I turned the love-sick sonnet.

I saw again that laughing eye,  
Her parting lips just for a kiss;  
Her fairy boots, so small and dainty,  
Her Paris gloves, the size for mine;  
I saw again her little neck  
Clasped by the hands of brothers,  
I saw—my heart, then, shall not break,  
I thought I saw Tom's forehead!

This old doll was not quite forgotten,  
Once more I dreamed a pretty dream,  
Once more my mother's face I saw,  
And the gray hair grew all white;  
Once more I roamed the moonlit strand,  
Beside my sweet, my love, my treasure,  
And felt once more her little hand  
Close over mine with timid pressure.

Still, deep below my small heart,  
The memory of those moments lingers—  
To-night some other fellow's pain  
Shall I repeat, with the same fingers!  
I thought 'twas pleasant as will be;  
And I've no doubt that if he can,  
Will his line just as—Ah, me!  
Tom, Tom, my boy, laborer and!

## A COLD WATER CURE.

I HAVE no figure, and have lived to  
record the fact without any particular  
feeling of humiliation. When nature  
first began to declare herself in favor of  
rotundity indeed, I struggled against her  
decision. I rose early, and took violent  
exercise on an empty stomach in flannels  
and a jacket; I stuck to a diet of  
boiled soles and dry toast with such per-  
tinacity that my evangelical friends  
grouched over me as a probable fervor.  
But it was all of no avail; my waist, like  
murder, would out; prostration would be  
stayed—well, yes, if I must confess it,  
exterior compression was attempted.  
So I gave up a senseless waste with  
destiny, forewore the patronage of photo-  
graphers, and found consolation for  
shapelessness in good living. All went  
well till after the white-hot season of  
1869, when something far worse than a  
mere aesthetical calamity befell me.

I have only one accomplishment: im-  
munity from sea sickness, and a very  
troublesome advantage it is. It would  
never do, you see, to let a solitary talent  
lay quite idle, so I feel it a moral duty to  
travel by water instead of by rail whenever  
I can, though the latter mode is  
much more comfortable, convenient and  
expedient.

Late in the summer of the year above  
mentioned, then, I started for the Rhine.  
The voyage was rough, and only one per-  
son besides myself enjoyed his dinner, a  
sympathetic coincidence which naturally  
drew us together.

He was a young man of affable man-  
ners, and florid taste in dress, whose oc-  
cupation, exact social position, and even  
nationality, it was difficult to define.  
Sometimes I took him for a commercial  
traveler, then for a clerk in a counting  
house, and then for a man of indepen-  
dent means, whose companions in  
early life had been somewhat mixed.  
His inquisitiveness was American, his  
vulgarity British, his jewelry Teutonic.  
Was he a Dutchman, who had lived a  
great deal in England, or an Englishman  
who had resided a great deal in Holland?  
Both languages seemed natural to him.  
I tried to make him talk about himself,  
and found, after a time, that he was  
practicing a precisely similar experiment  
upon me, only he was successful and I  
was not. What a difference that makes,  
eh?

I hate curiosity, in other people, and I  
avoided his snares at first; but in the  
evening, after we had a glass of grog to-  
gether with the skipper, and were snok-  
ing and staggering up and down the sec-  
tions of a deck, I was certainly less cau-  
tious and more egotistical. Who but a  
professional diplomatist can keep his  
counsel in the dark? Perhaps it don't  
matter much when there is no reason for  
concealment, but it seems stupid to tell  
your name, residence and business to a  
chance acquaintance, who does not in-  
spire you with any particular admi-  
ration. All the information received in  
return consisted of the uninteresting fact  
that my companion never carried circular  
letters in his travels.

"I can't see the use of them," said he;  
"bank notes are much more conveni-  
ent; one always gets the full value for  
them, and they can be changed at any  
hotel one is staying at."

"I never use circular notes either," I  
replied; "but at sometimes visit quiet,  
out-of-the-way places, I find English sov-  
ereigns the most handy."

"True," said he, "but the bulk and  
weight are troublesome; I should not  
like to carry a courier's bag like that  
over my shoulder."  
"I am accustomed to it, and do not  
mind it."

Soon we turned in. The cupboard in  
which I performed this nocturnal func-  
tion had four berths, three of which were  
tenanted by unfortunate men who had  
undergone the extreme horrors of sea-  
sickness, and were now happily sunk in  
the lethargy of prostration. I removed  
my boots, coat and neckcloth, rolled my-  
self up on my shelf, and fell asleep, little  
thinking that a physical evil far worse  
than stoniness was at that moment pre-  
paring for the attack.

I dreamed that I was in a forest so  
thick, so lofty, that the rays of the sun  
could hardly penetrate, and perpetual  
twilight reigned. There were no birds,  
squirrels, insects even; I was the only  
living creature, and the silence was  
awful. To add to the horror, the ground  
swayed to and fro in waves of earth-  
quake, and I expected it to open every  
moment under my feet; but there were  
no rumblings, and the trees were not  
shaken into rustling. The convulsions  
were the noiseless spasms of a gal-  
vanized corpse. At length the appalling  
stillness was broken by a light, distant  
crackling, as of something moving and  
dry leaves. Nearer and louder it came,  
and soon I saw a gigantic serpent wind-  
ing toward me through the trees. There  
was no beauty about the monster; its  
sluggish folds were slimy, toad-like; its  
eyes were cold, cruel, inexorable as  
death; it darted forth no barbed tongue,  
but showed its poisoned fangs slowly and  
viciously, as a threatening dog does. It  
approached; its fetid breath stirred my  
hair, and I turned and fled. To no pur-  
pose; the thing gained and gained upon  
me till it was within striking distance,  
and then drew back its flat head and  
blew. In my despair I sprang at the  
overhanging branch, caught it, and

strove to swing myself up. Alas! I was  
too slow; the reptile fastened on my left  
foot, and its fangs were plunged into the  
great toe. If the reader desires to ap-  
preciate the sensation, he may heat the  
point of a packing-needle in the fire till  
it is glowing white, and then thrust it in  
his corresponding member.

At inverted, blasphemous occupied my lips  
as I sat up with a jerk, meeting the  
planking above the berth straight on my  
forehead. It was like a double-  
barreled gun going off: "Bang! bang!"  
Horse sings somewhere about striking  
the stars with his sublime head, and that  
is what I must have done, for I saw  
them. But the toe-pang was too sharp  
to permit of my paying much attention  
at the moment to what was going on at  
the other end of me.

My Shakespeare had taught me to  
tolerate the light of dawn, but this vision  
could hardly be called a business fabric,  
for it left a most decided rack behind.  
Wow! wows-wows! it came again, red  
hot, and right through the joint. What  
could it be? Not a scorpion or centi-  
pede, first, because in these latitudes we  
are spared their society, as a compensa-  
tion probably for colds in the head;  
next, that the pain arising from a sting  
is for some time steady, and I only felt  
a tingling after the second twinge.

ertheless I struck a light, in defiance  
of sleep, and, scorched, but saw nothing  
more formidable than the antennae of  
cockroaches quivering between the  
planks. An examination of the afflicted  
toe showed it to be inflamed; perhaps it  
was a scorpion; perhaps I had strained a  
particularly sensitive nerve in my strug-  
gles with the dream-serpent. My first  
impulse was to get up, especially as the  
absence of motion showed that we were  
in the river, and the gray light of early  
morning was shining through the port  
hole; but the noise of men washing the  
deck deterred me, and after while I fell  
asleep again.

The dream did not recur, which was  
fortunate, as the effects of the first were  
still painfully obtrusive when I finally  
roused up, and it was with difficulty I  
got my boot on. My new acquaintance  
accosted me amid the confusion of land-  
ing, and asked if I intended to make any  
stay at Rotterdam. I told him no; I  
was going to Dusseldorf, en route for Co-  
logne. Why, Dusseldorf was his own  
destination, how singular! We would  
travel together. I had no objection; I  
and the young man certainly saved me a  
deal of trouble at the quay and the rail-  
way station.

We got a coupe to ourselves.  
"Why, what a bump you have got on  
your forehead!" he exclaimed when I  
hung my hat up. "Did you fall out of  
your berth last night?"

"No; but—," I told him the  
whole story, dream and all.  
"Hum!" said he gravely: "I wish you  
would let me see the toe."

"Are you a surgeon?" I asked, pain-  
fully pulling my boot off.  
"Not exactly," replied he; "that is,  
perhaps you would not call me one.  
Tut, tut; the bite of the serpent has pro-  
duced in a second the same result that  
port, burgundy, venison, whitebait, tur-  
tle, take years to effect. My dear sir,  
you have got the gout!"

"Gout!" I feebly gasped.  
"Decided. But never mind; I will  
soon bring it out of you when we get to  
Dusseldorf. You may thank your stars  
that you have not fallen into the hands  
of the faculty. I am hydrophobic, and  
your complaint is just the one to which  
the cold water treatment is the best  
adapted."

"Gout!" The fatal word meant pain,  
sickness, doctors, lancets, and, worse  
still, temperance and sobriety; this was  
what I was condemned to for the term of  
my natural life.

I murmured. My companion, who was  
evidently a Latin scholar, looked so-  
ber, and raised his hat, under the im-  
pression that I was uttering a prayer.  
But what mattered classical attainment?  
Smitten suddenly and unexpectedly with  
a sore, though noble, malady in a foreign  
land, the language of which I could  
neither speak nor understand, far from  
the physicians of my country, I clung to  
this medical straw. Under more favora-  
ble circumstances, indeed, I should have  
recoiled from the idea of trusting my  
precious person to the tender mercies of  
any man who had not a great many cap-  
ital letters after his name, or who wore  
rings on his forefingers, but now I was  
demoralized, and I was trusting. Besides,  
I had really heard of some public charac-  
ter who had been treated for gout hy-  
drophobically, and with success—a nov-  
elist, or statesman, or something.

We arrived at Dusseldorf, and my  
companion took me to a second-class hotel  
near the station, where, he said, the  
attendance, etc., was just as good as at  
the expensive one to which English trav-  
elers usually went, while the charges  
were about half. The fact that no one  
connected with the establishment spoke  
a word of English or French did not  
matter, since the young man was to  
manage everything, and attend upon me  
himself till I had thrown off the attack,  
which he promised should be in two  
days' time at farthest.

He certainly commenced my treat-  
ment promptly. That evening I drank a  
gallon of water, and had my foot, which  
was now wet and inflamed and very tender,  
swathed in wet bandages surrounded by  
dry cloths; and on the following morning,  
servants having brought many sheets and  
pails into my bedroom, the young man  
locked the door and commenced serious  
operations. One of the sheets was set to  
soak in one of the pails; I was invited to  
rise and attire myself in the costume of  
Gilbert's "Venus." Then I was sud-  
denly draped in the saturated sheet, and  
really thought I should never get my  
breath again, the shock was so great.  
Then commenced a swaddling process,  
dry sheets being wound round and round  
me, and round me over the wet one, till I  
was like a sweet onion with a damp  
heart; and in this state I lay on my back  
in the bed, a live mummy, unable to stir  
hand or foot.

"Do you glow now?" asked the young  
man.  
I did; I was cooking "in my juice."  
"That is right; it will draw the gout  
out of you. Now open your mouth;  
so."

When I complied, he put a handker-  
chief, tightly rolled up, into it, keeping  
it in its place with another inserted  
like a bit, and tied tightly at the back of  
my head.

"Don't try to speak, for it will be a  
useless exertion," said the young man.  
"If you wish to know what I have  
gagged you for I will tell you: it is to

prevent you from calling for help. You  
can not move hand or foot, you can not  
make yourself heard, so now I am going  
to rob you."

And the villain positively proceeded,  
under my very eyes, to ransack all my  
luggage, appropriating to himself every-  
thing, every coin he could find, and he  
found all I possessed.

"I leave you your watch, your chain,  
and your ring," he said at last, "and I  
must now bid you good-by. I will tell  
the people to come and look after you  
in a couple of hours, by which time I  
shall be beyond the reach of pursuit.  
Sorry I can not stay to see the success  
of my experiment upon the gout; ta-  
ta!"

I lay there gagged, bound, gony,  
robbed, tricked, for two mortal hours,  
and I did not choke, which proves to my  
complete satisfaction that I am an angel;  
no merely human temper could have  
wondered at suffocation.

Relief came, and an interpreter, and a  
doctor, and what foreigners consider a  
policeman, and, eventually, remittances.  
I got rid of that bit of gout, which, alas  
was but a mild prelude, and continued  
my travels, but I never saw or heard any  
thing more of my lost money, or of  
that very dishonest and vulgar young  
man.

## The Soko, or Gorilla.

Says Livingstone, in his last journal,  
just published: "The soko, or gorilla, goes  
about like a bear, and is the head of  
all that is to be feared by the natives. When  
seen the soko is an ungainly beast. The  
most sentimental young lady could call  
him a 'dear,' but a bandy-legged, pot-  
bellied, low-looking villain, without a  
particle of the gentleman in him. Other  
animals, especially the antelope, are  
graceful, and it is pleasant to see them,  
either at rest or in motion; the natives,  
too, are well made, lithe, and comely to  
behold, but the soko, if large, would do  
well to stand for a picture of the devil.  
He takes away my appetite by his  
disgusting bestiality of appearance.

His light yellow face shows off  
his ugly whiskers and faint apology for a  
beard; the forehead villainously low,  
with high ears, is well in the background  
of the great dog mouth; the teeth are  
slightly human, but the canines show the  
beast by their large development. The  
hands, or rather the fingers, are like  
those of the natives. The flesh of the  
feet is yellow, and the eagerness with  
which the Manyema devours it leaves  
the impression that eating soko was the  
first stage by which they became be-  
coming cannibals. They say the flesh is  
delicious.

The soko is represented as being  
extremely knowing, successfully stalking  
men and women while at their work.  
Kidnapping children and running up  
trees with them—he seems to be amused  
by the sight of the young native in his  
arms—but comes down when tempted by  
a bunch of bananas, and, as he lifts that,  
drops the child. The young soko in  
such a case would cling closely to the  
arm-pit of the elder. One man was cut-  
ting out honey from a tree, and naked,  
when a soko suddenly appeared and  
caught him; then let him go. Another  
man was hunting, and missed in his at-  
tempt to stab a soko. It seized the spear  
and broke it, then grappled with the  
man, who called to his companions:  
'Soko has got me.' The soko bit off the  
ends of his fingers, and escaped unharmed.  
Both men are now alive at  
Bambaré.

Let us look a moment at the impor-  
tance of farm horses as compared with  
those of other classes. There are about  
2,800,000 farmers in the United States.  
If each farmer required an average out-  
let of the labor of two horses, there  
would be needed for the uses of the  
farm 5,600,000 or fully sixty per cent. of  
the whole number of horses in the  
United States. Now, the farmer well  
knows that a soko is a valuable animal,  
weighing from 1,200 to 1,400 pounds, is  
none too heavy for the various labors of  
the farm; neither are they too heavy for  
general utility outside the farm, as omni-  
bus and team horses in cities; for dray  
and other classes of medium and heavy  
work, they are all right. Why, then,  
begin now to breed such?

Select roan mares, of not less than  
from 1,100 to 1,200 pounds weight, and  
as near to good models of muscular  
development as may be; then, if stylish  
in action, so much the better. Select no  
mare unless she is intelligent, gentle and  
well broken, if she has been worked at  
all. If she has not been broken, reject  
at once a skittish, uneven temper, for  
this can seldom be bred out, without  
great trouble and pains; and as it costs  
and sometimes tears his limbs off, but  
does not eat him. A very large soko was  
seen by Mahomed's hunters sitting pick-  
ing his nails. They tried to stalk him,  
but he vanished. Some Manyema think  
that their buried dead rise up as soko;  
and one was killed with holes in his ears,  
as if he had been a man. He is very  
strong, and fears guns, but not spears.  
He never catches women. He draws out  
a spear, but never uses it, and takes some  
leaves and stuffs them into his wound to  
stanch the blood; he does not wish an  
encounter with an armed man. He sees  
women do him no harm, and never mol-  
lest them; a man without a spear is  
nearly safe from him. They live in  
communities of about ten, each having  
his own female; an intruder from an-  
other camp is beaten off with their fists  
and loud yell. If one tries to seize the  
female of another, he is caught on the  
ground, and all unite in boxing and  
biting the offender. A male often car-  
ries a child, especially if they are passing  
from one part of the forest to another  
over a grassy space; he then gives it to  
the mother.

## A Passion for Theft.

Kleptomania is as truly a disease in  
certain organizations as "dipsomania"  
(passion for strong drink) is an inherited  
curse. No motive other than their in-  
curable nervous desire can be assigned  
for acts of theft by wealthy and other-  
wise respectable persons. The following,  
reported by the Chicago Inter-Ocean, may  
be a case of this kind:  
A scene was enacted at the Hahnemann  
which was witnessed by a lady. A very  
fashionably dressed lady, from whose ear  
hung diamond drops, and on whose  
fingers sparkled gems of the first water,  
was detected stealing some children's un-  
derwear. The services of detectives were  
called, and the kleptomaniac subjected  
to a custom-house search, which re-  
vealed the fact that her pockets were  
stuffed with fancy articles of various de-  
scriptions, which she had pilfered from  
the different tables. The managers of the  
fair, with a magnanimity much to be  
praised in the present era of crime, allowed  
the woman to take her departure, with the  
intention to keep away from the fair for  
the future.

# FARM AND FISHING.

ROADS AND ROAD-MAKING.—There is  
no one subject to the farmer living in the  
prairie region of the west, of more im-  
portance than the building of first-class  
earth roads. First, because it enables  
him to get his produce to market at  
about half the cost of hauling over in-  
different or bad roads, and second,  
because continuous roads, the grades of  
which extend over the light soils of the  
prairies as well as the valleys, drain a  
large amount of territory, because con-  
tinuous earth roads make continuous  
ditches and thus enable one to drain  
places which might not be otherwise  
practicable.

Another reason why roads should be  
one of the first things attempted in  
opening up a settlement is, that it adds  
so lightly to the cost of the farms per  
acre, and so surely increases the value of  
the land, when the roads are finished.  
The wonder is, that this important fac-  
tor has never occurred to, or at least been  
acted on by communities, as one of the  
first things to be undertaken, more than  
it is true that under the old system of  
making roads with the spade and shovel,  
or with the plow and scraper, especially  
in awkward hands, the cost of really  
good roadways would often exceed the  
value of the land, and hence the reason,  
we suppose, why so little of the kind is  
attempted.

Without roads there can be no civiliza-  
tion. Hence, one of the first efforts of  
the pioneer is, and should be, the open-  
ing of roads. These too, often, however,  
remain for decades, little more than  
ruts in the soil, to be filled by the wheels  
of wagons, with now and then a bad slough  
partially turpined, with perhaps here  
and there an uncouth sluice-way across  
the lowest places, but without any pro-  
vision for draining of the accumulated  
water beyond. The rains of spring and  
fall wear these tracks upon the slopes into  
gulches, until at last, as we have often  
seen, the whole road is abandoned and a  
new track is selected.

A continuous graded road over the  
undulations and valleys would have al-  
lowed the farmer to have a continuous  
road to the side ditches, it should, the  
track would have become smooth  
and hard, so that teams could have  
hailed heavy loads, except perhaps for a  
short time in the spring, when the frost  
was coming out of the earth, and a little  
time in the early winter, just as the roads  
were freezing up.

HAM CAKE.—A capital way of dis-  
posing of the remains of a ham, and  
making an excellent dish for breakfast  
is: Take a pound and a half of ham, and  
lean together; put it into a mortar  
and pound it, or pass it through a sausage  
machine; boil a large slice of bread  
in a half pint of milk, and beat it and  
the ham well together; add an egg  
beaten up. Put the whole into a mold,  
and bake a rich brown.

A NICE PANCAKE.—Take the bits of  
bread, or crumbs from the bread plate  
after each meal, and put them in a deep  
dish. In a day or two you will have  
enough to begin with. Pour over this  
cold water, and let them stand until  
perfectly soft; mash with a spoon until  
smooth. Add sour milk, making to the  
quantity you wish to make, a little nut-  
meg, salt and flour enough for a good  
batter; let them stand over night. In the  
morning stir in soda enough to  
sweeten, and bake quickly on a well  
greased griddle, as thin as possible, if  
you wish them to be very delicate, or thick,  
if you prefer like the well-known flap-  
jack. Try these with good syrup, and  
bread will never more be wasted.

DETACHING COPPER IN PICKLES AND  
GREEN TEA.—The Manufacturer and  
Builder says: There is a notion that green  
tea owes its color to copper; this is an  
error. If there were enough copper in it  
to affect the color, it would be highly  
poisonous, and a small quantity would  
produce symptoms, such as nausea, etc.  
It is simply due to the kind of tree, the  
leaves of some tending to dry with a  
green, others with a black or brown color.  
The tea which is black and brown, and  
Cut the suspected pickles into small  
pieces, and put on a little diluted liquid  
ammonia; shake it up well, and if the  
least copper is present the liquid will  
become beautifully blue. We have never  
seen green tea which indicated copper by  
this test.

he hailed it as a good sign—he then felt  
sure it would keep for many years. But  
he did not think this was mold. He be-  
lieved it to be something else. It seems  
to ascend from the bottom of the bottles,  
and settling on the top, there assumes a  
leathery consistence, hermetically seal-  
ing them, rendering their contents per-  
fectly safe. In curing his hams he had  
always noticed something similar to this  
accumulating on them when they are  
doing well, and was then always con-  
fident they would keep a long time.

Mrs. Judge R. P. Brown, in practice,  
managed to get rid of mold on her canned  
fruit, to a large extent, by cutting pieces  
of paper of the proper size and dipping  
them in alcohol, which she places on the  
top of her fruit before sealing.

Mr. Munna believed mold on fruit  
was caused by the atmospheric air coming  
in contact with it, and its presence  
indicated that the sealing process had  
not been perfect. He believed it was  
poisonous.

The ladies controverted the position of  
Mr. K; that mold was an advantage  
under circumstances, asserting that the  
fruit in contact with it was always  
favorable and more or less decayed, and  
that any process by which it could be  
prevented from forming would be a for-  
ward step gained in the art of house-  
keeping.

## Household Hints.

RICE PUDDING WITH FRUIT.—Swell  
the rice with a little milk over the  
fire; then mix fruit of any kind with it,  
currants, gooseberries scalded, pared and  
quartered apples, raisins, or black cur-  
rants, still better, red currant jelly, with  
one egg to bind the rice; boil it  
well, and serve with powdered cinnamon  
and sugar.

CHOLERA.—Cholera can be cured in one  
minute, and the remedy is simply alum  
and sugar. To take a spoonful of alum,  
and have of it in small pieces about a tea-  
spoonful of alum; then mix it with twice  
its quantity of sugar to make it palat-  
able, and administer it as quickly as pos-  
sible. Almost instantaneous relief will  
follow.

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making an excellent dish for breakfast  
is: Take a pound and a half of ham, and  
lean together; put it into a mortar  
and pound it, or pass it through a sausage  
machine; boil a large slice of bread  
in a half pint of milk, and beat it and  
the ham well together; add an egg  
beaten up. Put the whole into a mold,  
and bake a rich brown.

A NICE PANCAKE.—Take the bits of  
bread, or crumbs from the bread plate  
after each meal, and put them in a deep  
dish. In a day or two you will have  
enough to begin with. Pour over this  
cold water, and let them stand until  
perfectly soft; mash with a spoon until  
smooth. Add sour milk, making to the  
quantity you wish to make, a little nut-  
meg, salt and flour enough for a good  
batter; let them stand over night. In the  
morning stir in soda enough to  
sweeten, and bake quickly on a well  
greased griddle, as thin as possible, if  
you wish them to be very delicate, or thick,  
if you prefer like the well-known flap-  
jack. Try these with good syrup, and  
bread will never more be wasted.

DETACHING COPPER IN PICKLES AND  
GREEN TEA.—The Manufacturer and  
Builder says: There is a notion that green  
tea owes its color to copper; this is an  
error. If there were enough copper in it  
to affect the color, it would be highly  
poisonous, and a small quantity would  
produce symptoms, such as nausea, etc.  
It is simply due to the kind of tree, the  
leaves of some tending to dry with a  
green, others with a black or brown color.  
The tea which is black and brown, and  
Cut the suspected pickles into small  
pieces, and put on a little diluted liquid  
ammonia; shake it up well, and if the  
least copper is present the liquid will  
become beautifully blue. We have never  
seen green tea which indicated copper by  
this test.

THE good name of the old Sherman  
House, Chicago, is being now main-  
tained by the new. There is not a bet-  
ter hotel on the continent. Its prices,  
too, have just been reduced.

## Useful Information.

WHEN the voice is lost, as is sometimes  
the case, from the effects of cold, a sim-  
ple, pleasant remedy is furnished by  
beating up the white of one egg, adding  
to it a small quantity of castor oil, and  
mixing with white sugar to taste. Take  
a teaspoonful from time to time. It has  
been known effectually to cure the ail-  
ment.

DIPHTHERIA has been very prevalent in  
Australia, and one of the most successful  
remedies is said to have been a few drops  
of sulphuric acid in a tumblerful of  
water. The result of this mixture is  
said to be a coagulation of the diphthe-  
ritic membrane and its ready removal  
by coughing.

The Delaware State Journal says:  
Wherever organic matter abounds in the  
soil a free use of bones and potash will  
speedily restore it to its original fertility.  
In sandy soils organic matter in the form  
of peat, muck, or leaf mold, should be  
combined with the bones and potash.  
The finer the bones are ground the more  
speedily their action. If the bones are  
ground in a raw state, that is, without  
steaming or burning, and ground very  
fine, and mixed with three times their  
weight of fine muck or peat, or leaf  
mold, and kept moist for three weeks  
before being used, they will generate all  
the ammonia necessary to the rapid  
growth of wheat or other growing crops,  
without the addition of other substances.

Nothing makes a woman age more  
rapidly than over-work; the reason, prob-  
ably, that American women fade so soon.  
Sunshine, music, work and sleep are the  
greatest medicines for women, who need  
more sleep than men. Their nerves are  
more sensitive and they are not so  
strong, and exhaustion from labor or  
pleasure takes place sooner with them  
than men. Never permit yourself to be  
roused out of a deep sleep in the morn-  
ing. In fact, one should never be  
awakened. The body rouses of itself  
when its demands are satisfied. Take a  
warm bath occasionally before going to  
bed, at least once a week.

SIMPLE remedies, or those which the  
ordinary farmer can procure readily in  
case of need, are the best for the com-  
mon ailments of his stock. Colic in  
horses and mules is a complaint of fre-  
quent occurrence, and many a valuable  
animal is lost from the want of knowing  
what to give him. Let me give a rem-  
edy for colic which every one can pre-  
pare for himself, and which will not cost  
a cent. Take a couple of handfuls of  
the leaves of the Jamestown or jimson weed,  
boiled down so as to make a strong tea,  
and when cool drench the sick horse  
or mule with it.

# Jewel Robberies.

Mr. Jehan, a French journalist, re-  
lates apropos of the robbery of the Dud-  
ley diamonds, several anecdotes about  
jewel robberies. He tells how a specu-  
lator presented a report to the Directory  
making out that the celebrated church  
of Lorette contained 120,000,000 worth  
in diamonds, etc. Barras and Carnot in-  
formed Bonaparte of the fact, but the  
young general refused to march on the  
place because he would have to expose  
a corps of ten thousand, and would  
probably find nothing when he got there.  
In time he did manage to seize on the  
church, and found that all the diamonds  
had been replaced by glass. Mr. Valter  
also tells how the mother of the late  
French Emperor, the Queen Hortense,  
when she was leaving France after the  
invasion by the allies, was stopped on  
the road by the Marquis de Maubreuil,  
who searched her carriage and took  
away 20,000 worth of diamonds, which  
have never since been heard of. The  
story is all the more remarkable as the  
Marquis de Maubreuil toward the close of  
the second Empire. He had a lawsuit with  
his wife, and an outcry was raised against  
the Marquis continuing a member of the  
Legion of Honor. It then came out  
that he was one of the Royalists who  
had aided the Prussians to pull down the  
statue of Napoleon from the top of the  
column of Vendome, and that while en-  
gaged in the act he had tied an order of  
the Legion of Honor to the tail of his  
horse, and dragged it in the mud. Yet  
toward the end of the reign of the  
Third Napoleon he wore the red ribbon  
and was in receipt of a Government  
pension.

## An Indianapolis Article.

The Indianapolis critics are gradually  
extinguishing the drama in that city.  
The Journal comes out a few mornings  
since with this notice of a prominent actor:  
"The character of 'Landry' was par-  
celled out to an individual by the name  
of Ellis. The moment he put his cloven  
foot on the stage and planted it down,  
whenever he placed his hand tragically  
over his heart, with such force that the  
ho-nails in his boots made holes in the  
floor, the audience wondered what man-  
ner of man had been uncaged; but as  
the player continued to mangle his lines,  
root where he ought to be vigorous,  
to make love like a parrot, and to con-  
fuse his rhetoric to a nicotinic and growl,  
the fact became evident that Ellis was drunk.  
The indignation of the audience was  
only too plain; it could hardly be re-  
strained. Mr. Ellis will have the hu-  
miliating assurance this morning that he  
disgraced the stage and insulted a lady  
at a time when she most needed an honest  
support."

A NATON OF DYSPETICS.—We live  
fast, dissipate in everything except right-  
cousness, and fill early graves. We  
eat, we drink, we are merry, we are  
spirited, and swallow, without mastication,  
pork, grease and every conceivable car-  
bonaceous, soil-dwelling, life-destroying,  
system-clogging, indigestible food. We  
eat and drink, and we are dyspeptic. We  
do not stop this in a radical manner, but  
we remove the evil effects, and the re-  
covering patient, with fresh, pure, vital-  
izing, electrical blood flowing through his  
arteries and veins, will have a clearer  
head and a cooler judgment, which,  
coupled with experience, will cause him  
to abstain in the future. Good, nu-  
tritious, digestible diet, which is a most  
delicate stomachs may take, can be  
found in cracked wheat, corn bread,  
tomatoes, raw or soft-boiled eggs, baked  
apples, boiled rice, plain rice pudding,  
potatoes, raw beef, mutton and poultry.  
With Vinegar Bitters and moderation  
in eating and drinking